

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Hectic-Hued Mufflers of Worst or Silk Jumping Into Light of Popularity

High, Engulfing Collars, All-Swathing Mufflers, and All-Enveloping Fur Neckpieces Are Seen Everywhere. Colors, Stripes, and Splashes Meet Approval.

By MARGARET MASON.

If you want to be a dashing little run about, your muffer must be very smart, my dear.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1.—Muffer up a little closer even if these are dog days, Indian summer and all that. If you could be fuzzy in a white necktie, you could be fuzzy in a white muffer. A little thing like a worsted muffer can't put you out of the running now. Prostrated victims of the hottest day of the season seeking the solace of a long cold draught pleasantly at the cuber of ice in a smart hotel nearly swooned at the appearance of a chic young flapper in a Chinese tasseled hat swathed to the nose in a wide fringed worsted muffer, red and white striped like an American flag. Since then though the heat abate, muffer muffs increase mightily.

Such hectic hued affairs they are too in glowing combinations of stripes and spots and splashes while some are one color on one side and another color on the other. Solid colored ones of bright purple are fringed in gold with a gold embroidered monogram on one end. A temperamental flame toned one has the reverse side in ash gray with a gold confection of black stripes on a tawny background.

Worst Ones Popular.

There are all silk ones and fiber silk ones, but the worsted ones have the real stamp of fashionable approval, and some of these in variegated stripes of rainbow hues are decidedly reminiscent of Hill Holler. Indeed, the old time farmer and rural character would never seem to have been without his muffer as a first aid to there doing. The mail today is quite as tenacious of hers on Fifth avenue as a first aid to heart-breaking. Much originality and artistic endeavor in the arrangement of these telling throat attachments. One maid with knitted couched herringbone pattern and a ingenue wears hers tied behind like a dotting mother ties a napkin around the neck of her offspring in lieu of a bib for her. Yet another wraps

Three-Minute Journey

By TEMPLE MANNING.

(Copyright, 1915, Newspaper Feature Service.) THE Island of Fernando Po lies off the west coast of Africa and is inhabited by a strange race of savages called the Boobies. Its interior is little known, although there have been many expeditions into its forests and the plantations of the whites are gradually creeping back along the hills. The one short journey I made into the mountains was fraught with all manner of difficulties, some of them amusing.

In many places we were compelled to cut our way, and so seldom made more than a mile an hour. Up steep hills we plodded, then down into deep ravines from which we must climb our way up. The streams that flowed down the rocky beds were often rushing torrents that all but swept us off our feet, and when we reached the heights we pushed our way through rank forest growth for endless miles. With but the assistance of a guide we never could have found our way. Once in awhile we would come out upon a clearing from which we could see the fruitful plains dipping down toward the sea, with gigantic cotton trees standing out sharply against the blue sky.

One of the strangest things about this island is that its few inhabitants divided up into a number of different groups. The reason for this is because Booby is a stay-at-home; some of the old men and women have never been outside their own villages. The mountainous character of the country is another cause.

These curious people do not overburden themselves with names, having no Christian name at all. When the man wishes to attract the attention of another he shouts "bubi," which means "man." The entire island is divided up into districts and each district may have as many as three towns, yet the one name of the district does duty as the name of each town.

The Booby towns are often merely a collection of huts on a mountain side; very rarely are they anything more than the gathering places of the savages. All conveniences that contact with the whites would seem to introduce are lacking. And yet the Boobies are hospitable, particularly if you have an interpreter and come with small gifts. When we pitched our tents they invariably thronged about us and marveled at the way our camp beds were put up. And sometimes they welcomed us with a dance of welcome. "Yo sa ipori!" they chanted, which means "We bid you welcome."

Dancing is one of the chief pleasures of the Boobies, and each village has its dancing green, consisting of a square level clearing in the bush, and here their orgies are held. The greatest delight of the Booby is his "topi," or palm wing. To deprive a Booby of his "topi" even for a single day, makes him wretched. That is why one of the commonest sights is to see the entire population file out into the bush about 5 o'clock in the afternoon to visit the palm trees.

Each family owns a small grove and each tree is equipped to give the precious wine. The fibrous top is cut away on one side, and into it is driven a metal tubing, the other end being inserted into the neck of a gourd. In ascending the tree to collect the "topi" the Booby shows his greatest ingenuity. He uses a bamboo hoop elliptical in shape, which he passes around the trunk of the tree and the lower part of his back. The hoop is then fastened by a loop knot on one side. Leaning back, his feet against the tree he commences to climb, shifting the hoop as he proceeds with his hands. Literally the Booby walks up the tree with a speed that is amazing.

Charlotte Walker Recalls Past And Talks New York vs. Pictures

The New York That Took Her With a Grain of Salt Will Have to Use a Whole Saltcellar Full or Perhaps Even a Bagful This Time, But She Isn't Worried. Pictures Beckon.

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

CHARLOTTE WALKER feels at home here, and isn't going to feel at home in New York. She didn't care much other day when she granted an interview, unless perhaps it was the fact that she was going to be with Mr. Sothorn, was torn with doubt as to whether or not she would appear again in "pictures," and was anxious to let the young people here know that she was very much pleased to be back among them.

As someone had previously told me, I found her quite the most agreeable and amiable person I have ever met, and so quiet and temperamental by turns that it was truly surprising.

"Don't sit in this dim light," she said at once, when the prospect for having an interview in the semidarkness of the lobby was breaking my heart. "I can't stand anything dim or artificial. Let's get into the sunlight. Have you eaten? You must eat."

With the swoopy languid walk which so characterizes her she led me food-wards, and since she seemed to enjoy ordering me about because "I was just a little Washington girl after all" I did not resist. Conversation picked up courage and fairly hummed.

"When I say that I am glad to get back here," I mean it. Graciously, it was ten years ago—ten years, just think of that!" she said with a slow drawl and a slower smile that opened out full just as she unfolded both eyes.

"I can't believe it was that long. The little girls who came to see me in stock then at the Columbia must be great, grown women by this time." I tried not to act like a great, grown woman, but didn't succeed. We exchanged news and anecdotes, while she leaned on her hands, fondly, loosely under her sweet, Tribble-like chin, and laughed.

"Yes, I am glad to be here, but I can't judge anything about the production," she drawled. "People here are so inordinately nice to me it makes me almost forget other things. I can't tell what will happen in some other city."

She laid a slim hand on her chest and shook her head in mock sorrow. "You know that the last time I appeared up in New York, that horrid place, there were some—there were some who said that I ought to be at



MISS CHARLOTTE WALKER.

home washing dishes! And still I return."

Since she seemed struck with the ludicrousness of the situation, I laughed, too, but failed to see the humor in it until she finished. "And to think that I have to go back there, where I was flayed alive. I feel like a child who has been beaten, but who is forced to go back and take the beating all over again."

"New York took me once before," she said with a smile. "I will need all they can gather."

She made a grimace of disgust, and then smiled again. "But if I don't have a happy time here, back to the pictures," she finished, dramatically, as a servant told her that she was wanted on the telephone.

She was gone but a few moments, and when seated again gave me a knowing yet weary glance. "It's the pictures, again, calling me all the way from New York."

that we have done little enough to preserve the memory of that man." Remarks about temperamental had drawn Manfred's attitude into the conversation, for Miss Walker had been a friend of his and testified to more than one display of throwing things, such as beefsteak and other trifles.

"But if New York won't have me," she scoffed and smiled as we went out. "I stand little show of getting a theater of my own with any name on it. It's back to the pictures! Remember me to any of the girls you know who used to come and see me in stock. They at least have a good opinion of me, for I did my best things here, I think."

The message is herewith delivered.

The Orient On Fifth Avenue



MME. ROSHANARA, Interpreter of Hindu Dances, Startled New Yorkers With This Colorful Glimpse of Herself. She Advocates Parasols Instead of Hats.

Seen In The Shops

By THE SHOPPER.

DOES mother have a hat of fur and velvet and flowers? Little daughter must do the same, for children's fashions are following closely the lead of their elders. One of the little maid of five was of Alice blue velvet with a furry binding of beaver around the brim and a couple of little roses posed at a rakish angle. The price was \$8.

Flapper fashions are quite a feature of the designer's art these days. The girl of fifteen can now select an outfit suited to her years, and not either an elongated choker, necker or a curtailed woman's dress. A useful and becoming school frock on youthful lines is of men's wear serge made with the effect of a jacket over taffeta of the same color—dark blue. Crimson stitching of heavy floss silk and a touch of the same color in the buttons save the needed contrast. All the materials were of such good quality and the style so excellent that it would be hard to equal it for \$12.75.

Telephone Main 2260 and ask "The Shopper" or information giving the names of shops which carry the articles referred to in these columns. Mail inquiries should enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope or postal card for reply.

Nutritive Value of Oil As Food Often Forgotten In The Selection of Dietary

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

(Copyright, 1915, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.) It is not only learning and toll over books that comes from the consumption of the midnight oil. Flesh and blood also come from it. If that oil happens to enter the stomach. A light supper, a drink of oil, a good night's sleep, and a fine morning has often made a hero of the same man who, by too much lean meat, a bad digestion, a restless night and a rainy morning, would have proved a cowardly brute.

Oils and fats are commonly not very popular foods. Few of us care to dull a good dinner with a glassful of pure oil, yet it may be the very thing yearned for by the tissues.

While it is not demanded by the human fabric that the digestive machinery be surcharged with swine lard, because it is to be remembered that a fullness of the stomach may invite a momentary vacuity of the mind, notwithstanding omission of oils from the dietary may invite great physical evils.

Olive oil, cottonseed oil, milk or cream, cod liver oil and other pure oil, uncombined with alcohol, enter the stomach and then become converted into chyle.

Stored As Working Power.

This emulsion of chyle is carried through the "lacteals" or milky lymph channels, from which it is seized by the blood, and eventually reaches the tissues.

The nutritive value of oils to mankind depends in a fashion upon the energy, fire, steam, and work they furnish. This, weight for weight, is greater than fleshy foods, eggs, meats, nuts, and other albumens or proteins. It also surpasses that of the sugars and starches.

Stored as reserve strength beneath the skin, the living creature has a reservoir of nourishing material available for various emergencies, such as fasts, vigils, long hours of work, and long continued disease.

The larger the quantity of fats thus held in the cupboards and cellars of the living fiber, the longer will the true flesh go untouched by accident and disease waste.

A glass of pure olive or cod liver oil serves man, human needs, from lubrication to fuel, from working power to reconstructive material.

Do Sugars Make Fats?

It becomes in part heat energy. It enters the grain elevators of the texture as a latent supply of skin and tissue fat. It combines with other substances in the teguments to yield new constituents of the flesh. It even changes to water and yields carbonic acid gas, glycerine, and the so-called fatty acids.

The oily globules of fat which are conserved as adipose tissue remain unchanged and accumulate, except in illness, muscular work, muscular play or fasting. Then it becomes an emergency food, is tackled by the peptic-like enzyme called "lipase," and is thus split up into the substances named such

Answers to Health Questions

Mrs. F. M.—I am twenty-seven years old, weigh 116 pounds, and have a fairly good appetite, but suffer with a tired, worn-out feeling. I want to work, but cannot get up enough ambition to get at it. Also I am bothered with headaches which come over my right eye. Will you kindly advise me?

First, have your eyes examined and fitted with the proper glasses, obtain more sleep and rest; retire at 9 o'clock; sleep for ten hours, and then, if possible, take a rest or nap for an hour or so in the afternoon. Take daily exercises in the open air—walk, row, swim, play tennis, ride horseback or something like that. Eat plenty of good, nourishing foods, including carrots, young peas, asparagus, vegetables with olive oil, cereals, fresh and stewed fruits, drink three quarts of distilled water and one or two quarts of fresh milk daily.

Scarface—Please, tell if I can have a few scars removed from my face?

These little depressions in the skin may be elevated or, if raised, scars, reduced and the hard, tough, discolored skin can be softened and restored to its natural state. The operation is too technical to describe here, and should be done by experts in a hospital.

F. L. T.—I am working on a farm and get lots of fresh air and sunlight. I was ruptured six years ago by hard work and was almost cured by wearing a truss. I took it off, but now have to wear it again. I am losing weight, and have a dull tired feeling in the head.

Stop all hard labor and have the rupture stitched up for good and all at a hospital.

PERSONAL ADVICE.

Readers desiring advice should remember:

1. To address inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care of The Washington Times.
2. To enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if a personal reply is desired.

"Gee, I never tasted any Flakes like these

New Post Toasties

They're absolutely new—made by a new process that brings out the true corn flavour and that keeps the flakes firm and crisp, even after cream or milk is added.

New Post Toasties are made of the hearts of selected white Indian Corn, cooked, seasoned and toasted; and they come to you FRESH-SEALED—as sweet and appetizing as when they leave the ovens.



The little puffs on each flake are characteristic of the

New Post Toasties

Your grocer has them now—get a package and give your appetite a treat.